



L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1867.

NUMBER 42.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE!
W. H. HARBURGER & CO.,
 MAIN STREET,
 OPPOSITE SCOTT HOUSE,
 JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

DRUGS & MEDICINES
 IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
 Alcohol, Turpentine,
 Wines and Liquors, best brands,
 4000 Lbs. White Lard,
EYE STOPPERS, GLASS, PUTTY,
 and in fact everything kept in a first-class
 Drug Store, all of which will be
SOLD AT CITY PRICES.

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 Drug Store, all of which will be
SOLD AT CITY PRICES.

BEYOND COMPETITION!
ESTABLISHED 1856.
THE OLDEST
DRUG STORE
 IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
C. T. FRAZER
 Keeps constantly on hand the
LARGEST,
CHEAPEST
AND BEST
ASSORTMENT OF GOODS PERTAIN-
ING TO THE
DRUG BUSINESS
 In the County, which he offers
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
AT LOWEST RATES!

FRANKLIN STREET,
(OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.)
JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!
 AT
JOHN FAREIRA'S
 old established
Far Manufactory!
 NO. 718
 Arch St., above 7th,
 PHILAD'A.

Have now in Store,
 of my own Import-
 ation and Manufac-
 ture, one of the largest
 and most beau-
 tiful assortments of FANCY FURS, for Ladies'
 children's wear, now in the City. Also,
 a full assortment of Gent's Fur Gloves and
 Mittens, which I am enabled to dispose of my goods at
 reasonable prices, and I would there-
 fore solicit a call from my friends of Cambria
 County vicinity.
 Remember the Name, Number and Street.
JOHN FAREIRA,
 No. 718 Arch St., above 7th, south side,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 I have no partner, nor connection with
 any other person in Philadelphia. [oc. 3.4m.]

POCKET KNIVES, TABLE KNIVES
 and Forks, Spoons, &c., can be bought
 cheap for cash at **GEO. HUNTLEY'S.**

GEIS & REUTH,
 Johnstown, Pa.,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND BOOK BINDERS.
 MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS,
 POINTE-MONAI, PAPER BOXES
 AND LOOKING GLASSES.
 Looking Glass and Picture Frames always
 on hand, and made to order. A large and
 most complete assortment of Drawing Room
 and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of
 Chromos, Paintings in Oil, Steel Plate En-
 gravings, Plain and Colored Lithographs,
 Oil Prints, Photographs and Wood Cuts.—
 This collection embraces a selection of large
 sized match pictures of Landscape and Do-
 mestic Scenes and Portraits, and 6,000 dif-
 ferent varieties of Card Photographs of prom-
 inent men, comic and sentimental scenes and
 copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We
 have also a varied assortment of BIBLES,
 PRAYER, HYMN and SCHOOL BOOKS,
 HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS,
 &c. Religious Prints and Emblems in great
 variety, and the largest and most complete
 stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this
 county. 500 new and beautiful styles of
 WALL PAPER, including an assortment of
 Potter's celebrated English make, for which
 we are sole agents in this locality. These
 Wall Papers are handsome in design, super-
 ior in finish, and 24 inches wider than any
 other make.

The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are
 respectfully notified that we make BOOK
 BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK
 BOOKS a specialty. All work promptly
 executed at moderate rates.
 Store on corner of Clinton and Locust
 streets, immediately opposite Foster House.
 Johnstown, Oct. 24, 1867. J.

A WANT SUPPLIED AT LAST!
THE ONLY CLOTHING STORE
IN EBENSBURG.

FALL & WINTER STOCK

There is no need now of going to any place
 distant from home to purchase
Ready-Made Clothing,
 as the subscribers have not only in store on
 Main street, three doors east of Craw-
 ford's Hotel, a full line of
OVERCOATS, FROCK & DRESS COATS,
BUSINESS AND OTHER COATS,
 Cassimere and Dressing Pantaloons, Pan-
 talons for every day wear, Vests of all
 styles and textures, and Gen-
 tlemen's FURNISHING
 GOODS, to suit all
 purchasers, as well as
 Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags,
 Ladies' and Gent's Traveling Bags,
 &c., but we are prepared to sell goods at as
Reasonable Prices
 as like articles can be purchased from any
 dealer in this section of the State. Our
STOCK IS UP AND PRICES DOWN
 to the times, as any person can satisfy him-
 self who visits our establishment.
 Remember that this is the only regular,
 first-class Clothing Store in Ebensburg, and
 in variety, extent and cheapness of stock it
 will be found unrivalled. Everybody is in-
 vited to give us a call.
 Oct. 17, '67. J. A. MAGUIRE & CO.

HOLLIDAYSBURG!

JACOB M. PIRCHER,
 FASHIONABLE
CLOTHIER & TAILOR,
 Has just opened a full assortment of well se-
 lected and most desirable

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

Gents and Boys furnished with CLOTH-
 ING, HATS, SHOES, &c., of the latest
 styles and best material, at the **LOWEST**
CASH PRICES.

A VARIETY OF PIECE GOODS,
 which will be sold by the yard or made to
 order in the most approved manner.
 Having given full satisfaction to his cus-
 tomers for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,
 he guarantees the same to all who may favor
 him with their patronage in the future.
 Store on the west side of Montgomery
 street, below Blair, next door to Masonic
 Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [my 23-ly.]

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given
 that an assessment of FOUR PER CENT.
 has been laid upon the premium notes of the
 Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company
 of Cambria County, to pay losses recently
 sustained, and that said assessment is due
 and payable on or before the 10th day of
 December next, to John E. Roberts, Receiver,
 at Ebensburg. The failure of parties
 insured to pay at the time required will vi-
 vate their policies, though the Company may
 enforce collection of the amounts assessed by
 suits upon their premium notes.
 A. C. MULLIN, Secretary.
 Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1867-3t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The under-
 signed Auditor, appointed by the Or-
 phans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute
 the money in the hands of David Shaf-
 fer, guardian of the minor of David Shaf-
 fer, deceased, to and amongst the
 persons legally entitled thereto, hereby no-
 tifies said persons that he will attend to the
 duties of that appointment, at his office in
 Ebensburg, on Friday, the 22d day of No-
 vember, 1867, at 1 o'clock P. M., when and
 where all parties interested may be heard.
 F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
 Oct. 31, 1867-3t.

The Poet's Department.
BROKEN VOWS.

Promises are lightly spoken;
 Vows on which we blindly build
 (Uttered only to be broken)
 Go forever unfulfilled.
 Oft betrayed but still believing—
 Duped again and yet again—
 All our hoping, all our grieving
 Warns us, but it warns in vain.
 From the cradle to the coral—
 From the sunny days of youth—
 We are taught the simple moral,
 Still we doubt the moral's truth.
 When a boy he found me rather
 Loth to do as I was bid.
 "I shall buy a birch," says father.
 Broken vow! He never did.
 Grown extravagant, when youthful,
 In my tailor's debt I ran;
 He appeared about as trituitul
 In his talk as any man.
 Let me tell you how he sold me:
 "Look ye, Mr. What's-Your-Name,
 I shall summon you," he told me—
 But the summons never came.
 Through the meadows, daisy-laden,
 Once it was my lot to stray,
 Talking to a lovely maiden
 In a very spongy way;
 And I stole a kiss—another—
 Then another—then a lot.
 "Fie!" she said, "I'll tell my mother."
 Idle words: she told her not.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.
A NIGHT IN A BAYOU.

The Mississippi, like the Nile, is divid-
 ed at its mouth into a number of outlets,
 thus forming a delta of islands, which,
 though devoid of anything like scenic
 beauty, are not devoid of interest.
 The great river, washing as it does the
 banks of a country many thousand miles
 in extent, carries down in solution great
 masses of soil, which the impetus of its
 current, through the reaction of the sea,
 aided by subterranean salt springs and ac-
 cumulating drift logs, causes to settle in
 banks at the mouth, which in the lapse of
 time and the ordinary nature, obtain an
 elevation above its surface, and becomes
 sprinkled with tokens of vegetable life.
 These islands nearest the sea possess
 the fewest traces of vegetation; some of
 them being adorned by only two or three
 tufts of red grass, while those on the ex-
 treme confines of the coast are wholly
 without vegetable production; the forma-
 tion of the latter being too recent to allow
 time for the germination of chance seeds.
 The numerous creeks which intersect
 these islands are called bayous, and wind
 amongst interminable spaces of marshy
 ground overgrown with tall and cane-like
 reeds. These are the favorite haunts of
 alligators, snakes and other accequous
 and amphibious reptiles, whose solitude
 is rarely disturbed by man. An explor-
 ing party entering these precincts, will
 find the navigation, from the shallowness
 of the water, both troublesome and diffi-
 cult.
 On the afternoon of a hot day in sum-
 mer, a boat with a crew of four men and
 coxswain, belonging to an outward-bound
 ship lying at anchor in the stream, was
 seen to make its way into one of the bay-
 ons. The coxswain was the chief officer
 of the vessel, and the men at oars were
 picked men from his watch. Embarked
 as they were, for no other purpose than
 the gratification of curiosity, the reserve
 usually maintained between master and
 man was laid aside, and jokes and com-
 ments freely passed, a proceeding which
 Mr. Adams, the officer rather encouraged
 occasionally put in a remark likely to in-
 crease hilarity and dispel restraint. Un-
 der such auspices, their labor was light.
 The oars bent to their strokes, and the
 boat cleft the water like a fish.
 "Give way, my lads," said Mr. Adams,
 "pull with a will. Make a noise,
 some of you. Jack, strike up with some-
 thing."
 Jack who sung well and had a good
 voice, commenced a roaring song.
 "Ease the starboard oar," interrupted
 Mr. Adams. "Pull in for that creek, d'ye
 see. There—steady she goes."
 "Aye, aye, sir," said Jack.
 They had not more than reached the
 middle of the creek before the boat touched
 the bottom, and though she moved slowly
 to the strokes of the oars, yet the labor
 of propelling her became greater every mo-
 ment; and the men at last panted to
 breathe.
 "I thought it was only a bank, and we
 should have got over, but the mud seemed
 sticky here," said Mr. Adams. "Back
 her off." She was accordingly backed
 off, and they pulled for a narrow bayou
 nearer the entrance of the creek, which
 proved deep and navigable. Mr. Adams
 directed them to make for a small cove in
 one of the islands, at which he proposed
 to land. The landing was effected with
 some difficulty, upon the trunk of a tree,
 one end of which rested on the shore while
 the other floated in the water. The boat
 was run aground, and the party had to
 walk some distance on the log, which the
 washing of the water had rendered slip-
 pery and insecure. However they land-
 ed in safety; and Mr. Adams directing
 two of the men to make fast the boat and
 remain to bail her out, set off with the
 other two to investigate the island. He
 found the place wooded with a large spe-

cies of shrub which stood considerably
 higher than his head, and formed in parts
 an almost impenetrable thicket through
 which they forced their way with diffi-
 culty. Birds of bright and beautiful plu-
 mage flew from tree to tree, seemingly
 without alarm at the individuals who
 were intruding on their retreat. Chame-
 lions of transient and varying hues ran
 along the bushes, changing color to that
 of the spot on which they alighted, so as
 to be scarcely discernible from the spot
 on which they rested. Tracks of raccoons
 marked the soil in different direc-
 tions, and the party would occasionally
 stop to listen to the cry of one of these
 creatures at a little distance. The parch-
 ed and thirsty soil covered here and there
 with a rank and wiry grass, was cleft in-
 to long and deep fissures, which were sug-
 gestive of subtle and deadly snakes lurk-
 ing in the hollows.

While the two men were engaged in
 pursuit of a small animal among the bush-
 es, Mr. Adams pushed through the thick-
 ets and lost sight of them. He soon
 gained the opposite side of the island and
 came to water again. Here, trunks of
 great trees stretched along the bank so
 as to form a kind of jetty. Mr. Adams
 stepped from one to another of these im-
 mense pieces of timber which had no
 doubt been swept from the skirts of some
 mighty forest, drifted down the river and
 deposited here. He rounded a point of
 land and found a number of these logs
 lying together, making a rude bridge to
 an adjoining island. He tried them with
 his foot, and finding them firm, by tread-
 ing resolutely and carefully he managed
 to cross to the opposite bank. This is-
 land he found less inviting in appearance
 than the one he left. There was a little
 clump of brushwood in the centre, but
 otherwise the place was bare of vegeta-
 tion. The soil was soft and muddy at
 the landing, so much so that Mr. Adams
 sunk almost ankle deep at every step.
 There was a salt spring in one place
 which had the shape of a cone of glisten-
 ing mud, from the top of which a narrow
 stream of brine trickled down, and settled
 in a pool at the foot.

There were two small mounds of earth,
 each with a board at one end on which
 an inscription was rudely carved. Mr.
 Adams did not need to be informed that
 these were graves, for the effluvia arising
 from them indicated the interments to
 have been recent. In roaming over the
 island he found a great number of similar
 mounds, from which it would seem that
 this had been a burial ground for the
 numerous ships leaving a sickly port, and
 that the dead had been thus disposed of
 in preference to being launched into the
 sea. The association was not pleasant,
 and he turned away to return by another
 path. The soil in this direction was so
 treacherous and soft that he sunk ankle
 deep at every step. When half way
 across, he found himself plunging up to
 the knees in clayey and adhesive soil, to
 extricate himself from which it required
 the most violent struggles. It was with
 an apprehension new to him that he found
 himself at every pause in his exertions
 settling deeper and deeper in the mud.
 To aggravate his distress, which fastened
 by innumerable sand-flies, which stung him
 to madness. By repeated and almost frant-
 ic efforts he succeeded in gaining a small
 patch of hard soil, where he had crossed.
 There was a small lake of mud similar to
 that through which he had passed, sur-
 rounding the spot on which he stood. He
 looked toward the shore of the opposite
 island in the hope of seeing some of the
 men; but as none of them came, he was
 nervous his mind to another plunge through
 this terrible sludge, when he observed an
 unusually large tree coming drifting down
 the bayou toward the bridge. For a
 moment he trembled for the safety of the
 fabric by which he hoped to recross, and
 was struck with dismay to see it com-
 pletely swept off with the concussion,
 leaving a passage a hundred feet wide of
 deep water, and with a rapid current,
 which he would have to ford, for he was
 no swimmer.

He breathed hard, and again ventured
 on the yielding soil, which here was soft-
 er if possible than before. He had nearly
 reached the middle, when he at-
 tempted to place his foot on a seemingly
 hard substance like a piece of hard tim-
 ber imbedded in the mud. To his sur-
 prise this substance rose instead of sink-
 ing under him, and the head of a great
 alligator with open mouth, emerged from
 below. What he had mistaken for a drop
 of water on the surface was the eye of
 the creature while basking in the sun.
 With an involuntary exclamation, he
 sprang aside, and by means of a series of
 convulsive plunges he managed to founder
 through to the solid ground while the rep-
 tile, fortunately for him, waddled off to
 another part of the island at a speed that
 made him shudder. When he reached
 the bank he hallooed to the men till he
 was hoarse, but received no answer. The sun
 was setting, and in a few moments it
 would be quite dark. He waited at this
 point as long as it was possible to see any-
 thing, and then seated himself on a stray
 log, where he had not rested a second be-
 fore something like a twist glided from be-
 neath his feet, and displayed to him a
 large serpent, which in his diurnal ac-
 tual size. He rose up hastily, and for a
 long time would not sit down at all, as he
 knew not what reptile might be concealed

beneath his seat. But now the evening
 breeze sprang up, and blew away the
 myriads of minute sand-flies that had
 hitherto tormented him. Then the mist
 of the river came rolling in and hid every
 surrounding object in an impenetrable
 cloud. No London fog was ever denser or
 colder than this. It was the exhalation
 of a moist and pulpy alluvium pregnant
 with the vapor of decaying vegetation and
 endless swamps. It was not long before
 his teeth chattered with cold. He fortun-
 ately had matches in his pocket, and
 with them he attempted to light a fire. In
 his search for dry chips, he struck against
 what appeared to be a stone; on taking it
 up it proved to be a human skull. He
 threw it away in disgust. Some cold
 substance adhering to his hand he struck
 a light to examine it, and discovered that
 an enormous centipede had crawled out of
 the skull and was making its way up his
 sleeve. Every nerve in his frame seemed
 to start at the sight, and he hastily swept
 it off. It required more fortitude than he
 possessed now, to stir without alarm.
 Every substance around him he knew was
 alive with venomous reptiles. Vipers
 were concealed in the dead timber on
 which he might sit. Centipedes and scorpions
 nestled under the bark. Insects that feed
 on decomposed and putrifying matter,
 were generated in the malarial air he
 inhaled, and swarmed about him in
 clouds; and when he had succeeded in
 kindling a fire, the mosquitoes, settled on
 their defenseless victim, punctured him
 with a thousand stings, and buzzing into
 his ears with a wailing and ceaseless hum,
 seemed to crown the pandemonium into
 which he had fallen.

No wonder that he became a prey to
 unnatural terrors. He fancied he saw the
 fierce eyes of crowds of alligators twink-
 ling at him through the blaze; that he
 heard the snapping of their fearful jaws on
 every side of him, that every unburnt twig
 in the fire was a deadly serpent thaw-
 ing into life, and about to spring upon him
 with fatal bite. Then he fancied that
 scorpions had crept into his linen, and was
 afraid to move lest a centipede would sting
 his bosom. Worse than all, he began to
 think he was resting on one of the graves,
 and that the worms from beneath were
 anticipating his decay; and oh! horror of
 horrors, that the air rung with dismal
 cries, which seemed to be approaching
 from a distance, until he became over-
 powered with his fears, and trembled and
 moaned helplessly like an infant. But he
 was now really ill. The chills and ague
 crept over him, and happily rendered him
 insensible to everything but physical suf-
 fering, until he was roused by the crack-
 ling of twigs near him as of something
 stealthily approaching. This was the clin-
 max. He jumped up with a cry of terror
 more like a yell than a human voice, and
 rushing toward the water's edge, fell un-
 conscious to the ground.

If he had retained his faculties he might
 have known that a light was at no great
 distance, that the water reflected the flame
 of beacons blazing on every island; that
 a boat full of men was approaching; that
 these men were shouting for him with all
 their might, and that help was at hand,
 though he knew it not.
 Some days after, when his ship had got
 well out to sea, and he had recovered from
 the delirium of a high fever, he ventur-
 ed to tell him about his escape. The
 boat's crew had at first searched for him
 in every direction but the right one, and
 foolishly gone back to the ship for orders.
 They were immediately dispatched again
 with lanterns, and instructions to remain
 all night if necessary. They soon dis-
 covered his fire, and after infinite pains,
 contrived to reach the spot in time to re-
 scue him from a watery grave.
 Though some years have now passed
 over his head, and he has attained the
 command of a large ship, yet it always
 gives him pain to be questioned as to the
 cause of his premature gray hairs; nor
 can he ever recall without tremor, the
 sufferings of that night in the bayou.

A "TIMBER HAT."—Somewhere about
 the year 1790, (so runs the story), a trav-
 eling millwright, in those days (talking of
 mechanics, footsore, and with the broad-
 est Northern Doric accent, stopped at
 Soho, a locality indicative of field sports,
 but then the engine factory of Boulton &
 Watt, and asked for work.
 His aspect was a little better than one
 of "beggary and poor looks," and Mr.
 Boulton had bid him God-speed to some
 other workshop, when, as he was turning
 away sorrowfully, Mr. Boulton suddenly
 called him back and inquired:
 "What kind of hat have you on your
 head, my friend?"
 "It's just timber, sir."
 "Timber, my man? Let's look at it.
 Where did you get it?"
 "I just made it, sir, my ain sel."
 "How did you make it?"
 "I just turned it in the lathe."
 "But it's oval, man, and the lathe turns
 things round."
 "Aweel! I just gaur'd the lathe
 gang another gait to please me. I'd a
 long journey afore me, and I thoct I'd
 have a hat to keep out the water; and I
 had na muckle siller to spare, and I just
 made ane."
 By his inborn mechanism he had in-
 vented the oval lathe and made his hat,
 and the hat made his fortune. He be-
 came a distinguished machinist.

Goze up the spout—Radicalism.

BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.

The place where Braddock was buried
 is in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, and
 between fifty-three and fifty-four miles
 north of the National road. There had
 long existed a tradition in this region that
 Braddock was killed by one of his own
 men, and more recent developments leave
 little or no doubt of the fact. A commu-
 nication some time since appeared in a
 Washington paper, written by a gentle-
 man whose authority is good on such
 points, and says: "When my father was
 removing with his family to the West, one
 of the Fausetts kept a public house near
 where Uniontown now stands, the county
 seat of Fayette, Pa. In this man's house
 we lodged about the 10th of October,
 1781, twenty-six years and a few months
 after Braddock's defeat, and there it was
 made anything but a secret that one of
 the family dealt the death blow to the
 British General.

"Thirteen years after I met Thomas
 Fausett in Fayette county, then, as he
 told me, in his 70th year. To him I put
 the plain question, and received the plain
 reply: 'I did shoot him!' He then went
 on to insist that, by doing so, he contri-
 buted to save what was left of the army.
 In brief, in my youth I never heard the
 fact either doubted or blamed, that Faus-
 ett shot Braddock."
 Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Uniontown,
 Pa., says his father knew and often con-
 versed with Tom Fausett, who did not
 hesitate to avow, in the presence of his
 friends, that he shot General Braddock.
 Fausett was a man of gigantic frame, of
 uncivilized, half-savage propensities, who
 spent most of his life among the moun-
 tains as a hermit, living on game which
 he killed. He would occasionally come
 into town and get drunk; sometimes he
 would repel inquiries into the affairs of
 Braddock's death, by putting his fingers
 to his lips, and uttering a sort of buzzing
 sound; at other times he would burst into
 tears, and appear greatly agitated by con-
 flicting passions.

In spite of Braddock's sally order that
 the troops should not protect themselves
 behind the trees, Joseph Fausett had
 taken such position, when Braddock rode
 up in a passion, and struck him down
 with his sword. Tom Fausett, who was
 but a short distance from his brother, saw
 the whole transaction, and immediately
 drew up his rifle and shot Braddock
 through the lungs, partly in revenge for
 the outrage upon his brother, and partly,
 as he always alleged, to get the General
 out of the way, and thus save the remain-
 der of the gallant band who had been sac-
 rificed to his obstinacy and want of ex-
 perience in frontier warfare.

After Braddock fell, the retreating sol-
 diers carried their wounded General for
 four days until they reached seven miles
 beyond Dunbar's camp, where he ex-
 pired. He was buried in the centre of
 the road which his advancing army had
 cut; and to prevent the discovery of the
 grave, and to save the body from savage
 dishonor, soldiers, horses and wagons,
 were passed over it. Some of the soldiers
 so marked the trees near the spot that
 those who visited there many years after
 could point out the spot without fail.

Some twenty-nine years since, while a
 party of laborers were repairing this road
 and digging away the slope of the hill,
 they discovered some bones, with sundry
 military trappings, which were at once
 known by the old settlers to be those of
 Braddock. One and another took some
 of the most prominent bones, and the others
 were reinterred under a tree on the
 hill. Mr. Stewart afterwards collected the
 scattered bones from the individuals who
 had taken them, and sent them to Peale's
 Museum in Philadelphia.

A plain shingle marked "Braddock's
 Grave," nailed to the tree where a part
 of the bones are interred, is the only mon-
 ument to point out to the traveller the
 resting place of the proud and brave but un-
 fortunate hero of the French war.

THE WRONG MAN.—The Fall River
 News relates the following amusing inci-
 dent which occurred a few days since in a
 neighboring city. "A worthy couple well
 to do in the world a few years ago, had
 a son who often strayed from the path of
 rectitude, and went on the most disgraceful
 spree. Marrying, he reformed, and for
 some years has been as steady as a
 could be desired. A short time since an
 intoxicated man tumbled into a drug
 store, and was immediately recognized by
 the keeper as Mr. S. who had been so
 long reformed. Word was immediately
 sent to his parents, and coming they took
 him home. He was covered with filth
 and mud, but they went to work bravely
 and pulled off his clothes, washed his feet,
 put on clean linen, and tumbled him into
 the best bed. The mother, with flatter-
 ing heart, took her way to her son's house
 to inform his wife of his disgraceful con-
 dition. What was her amazement when,
 after telling, with tears and sobs, the sad
 occurrence, to be invited into the bedroom,
 where her son was sleeping soundly, hav-
 ing retired earlier than usual. Careful
 investigation showed the fellow sleeping
 comfortably in her best bed at home to be
 one of the dirtiest and worst drunkards in
 the city. His features were something
 like her son's, but that did not save him
 being dragged out of bed and escorted to
 the watch-house."

A Curious Frog Story.

The Elk Run (Del.) Gazette has the
 following:
 Mr. Yager, living near Mitchell's Sta-
 tion, in Culpepper county, relates some
 very curious facts about a remarkable
 frog. "It has lived," he says, "many
 years with us, and is a great favorite, and
 the greatest curiosity is its becoming so
 remarkably tame. It had frequented our
 door steps before our hall door some years
 before my acquaintance commenced with it.
 My father had admired it on account
 of its size and color, and he visited it
 every evening, when it would come forth
 at his summons, and by constant feeding
 it would come to the candle and look up
 as if expecting to be taken and brought
 to the table and fed on insects of all sorts.
 On presenting living insects, it would
 seize them intently and remain motionless for
 a while as if preparing for a strike, which
 is an instantaneous throwing of its tongue
 to a great distance, upon which the insect
 sticks fast to the tip by a glutinous mat-
 ter. I can't say how long my father had
 been acquainted with it; from my earliest
 recollection he spoke of it as "Old Tom,"
 "the old frog." I have known it for a
 great number of years—I can answer for
 fifty-seven years. It makes its appear-
 ance with warm weather and remains
 with us till fall, appearing morning and
 evening to our great amusement, having
 been trained to do many things, such as
 leaping, turning summersaults, holding its
 body up by its feet and hands to a sensu-
 rous rope, swinging and whirling after the man-
 ner of a show-ropo performer, moving
 erect on its hind legs; and at the word of
 command, going through the manual ex-
 ercise. It seems perfectly good natured
 and never shows temper, but is dreadfully
 afraid of a cat, on whose approach it will
 often leap four feet from off the floor, with
 the utmost precision, plump into the mouth
 of a large water pitcher, and thus secure
 a safe retreat. Yet he is in no wise
 alarmed or disturbed by the presence of
 dogs, of which we have many about the
 premises. They seem to regard him as
 one of the household and a "privileged
 character." The Hon. Judge Taylor,
 who will attest the above statement made
 by Mr. Yager, in speaking of the age of this
 frog remarked: "It is certainly one
 hundred years old, and though he may
 have been here before the Indians left the
 country, he may be a very old man but in his
 infancy."

"Don't stay long,"—It is rarely, in-
 deed, that we have read anything more
 truthfully pathetic than the subjoined waif,
 which we find floating among our ex-
 changes. Would that every husband in
 our land might read and profit by it:
 "Don't stay long, husband!" said a
 young bride tenderly in my presence one
 evening, as her husband was preparing to
 go out. The words themselves were in-
 significant "but the look of melting fond-
 ness with which they were accompanied,
 spoke volumes. It told the whole vast
 depth of